Stories in pictures

I Count in Millions

VIDYA AND RAJARAM SHARMA

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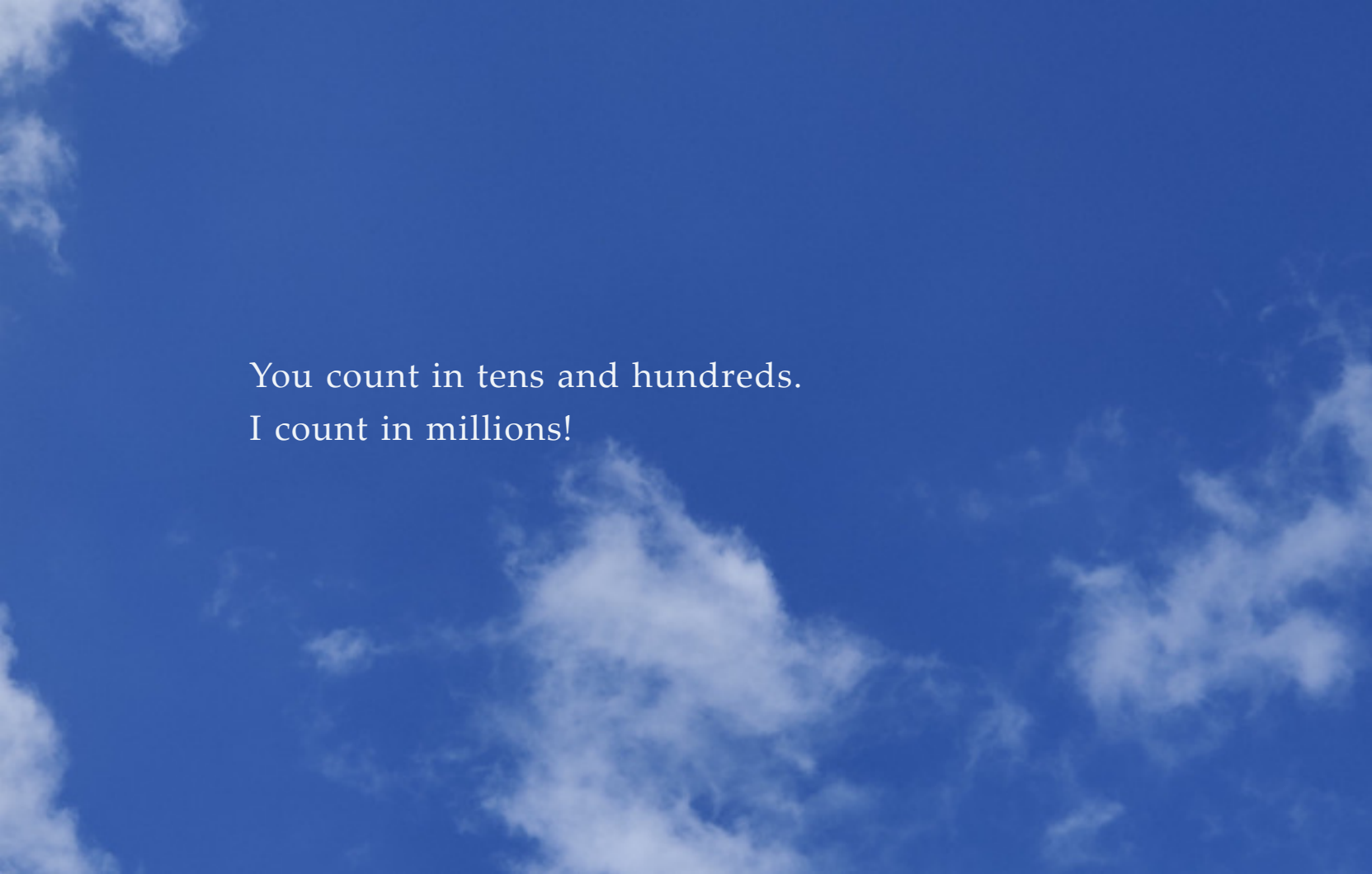
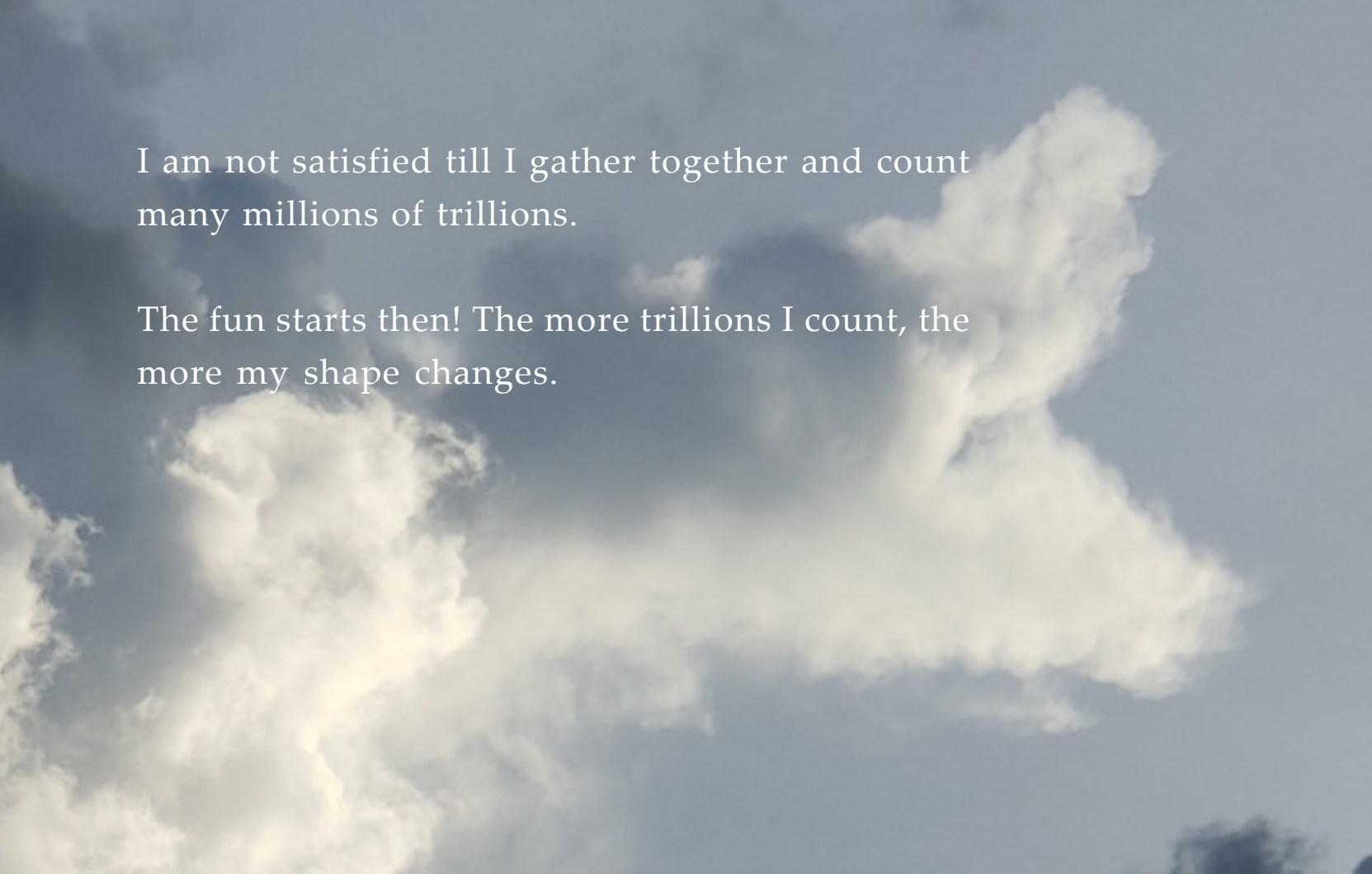


You count in tens and hundreds.
I count in millions!

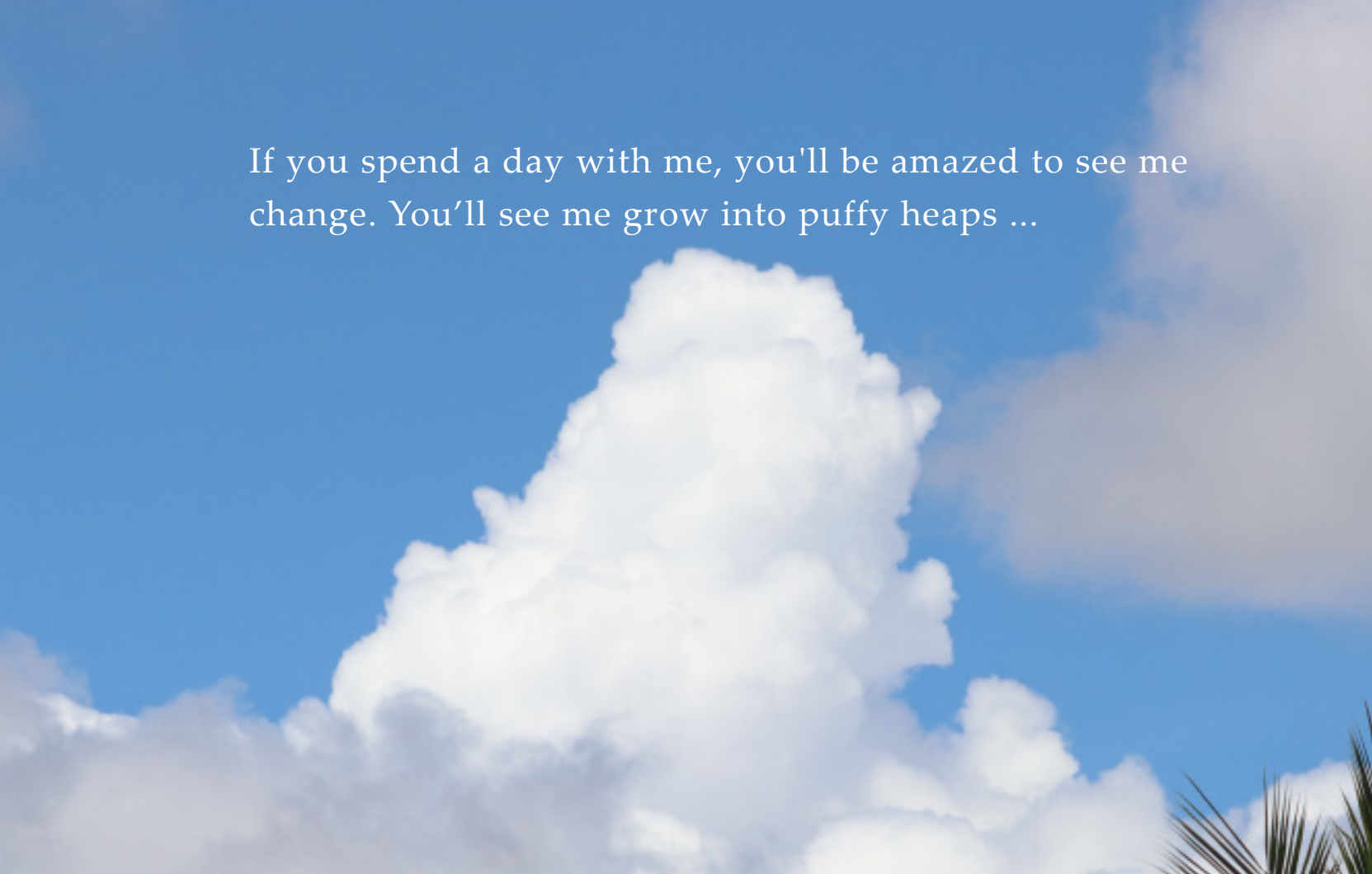
I like to count up to a trillion, as quickly as I can.

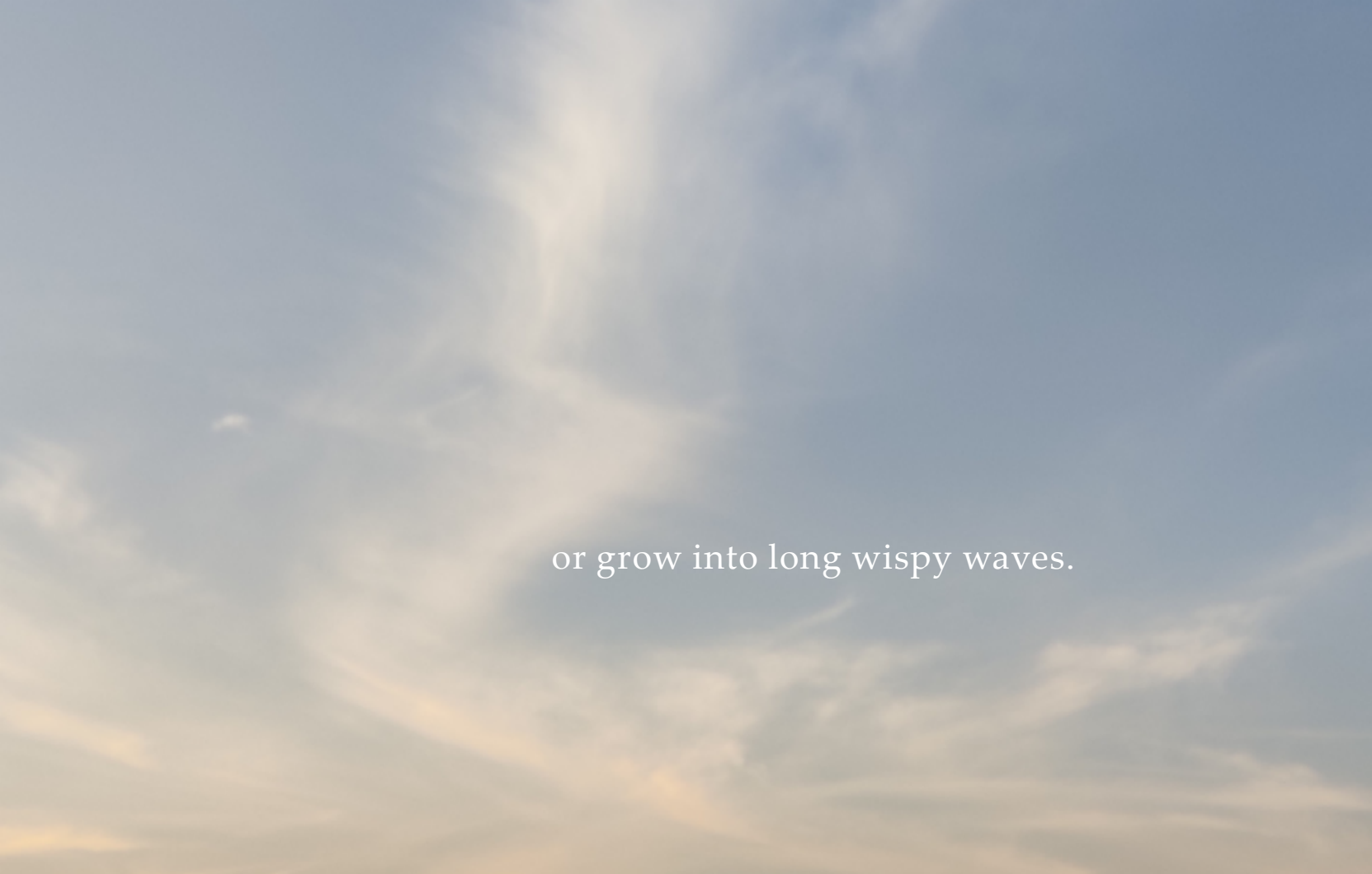
A trillion, you see, is just a million counted a million times. Nothing great about that!



I am not satisfied till I gather together and count many millions of trillions.

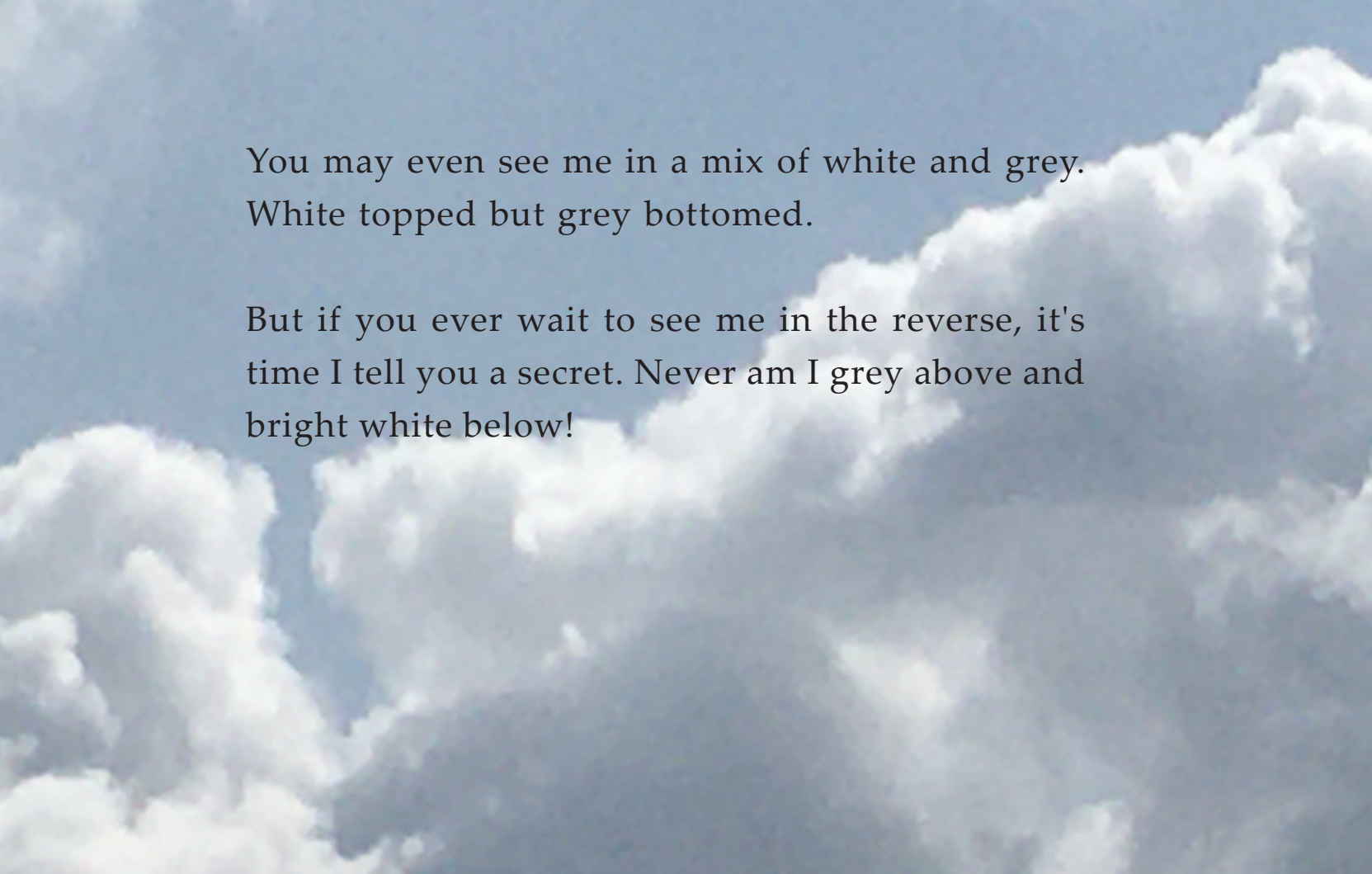
The fun starts then! The more trillions I count, the more my shape changes.


If you spend a day with me, you'll be amazed to see me change. You'll see me grow into puffy heaps ...


or grow into long wispy waves.

You see me white.

You see me grey.

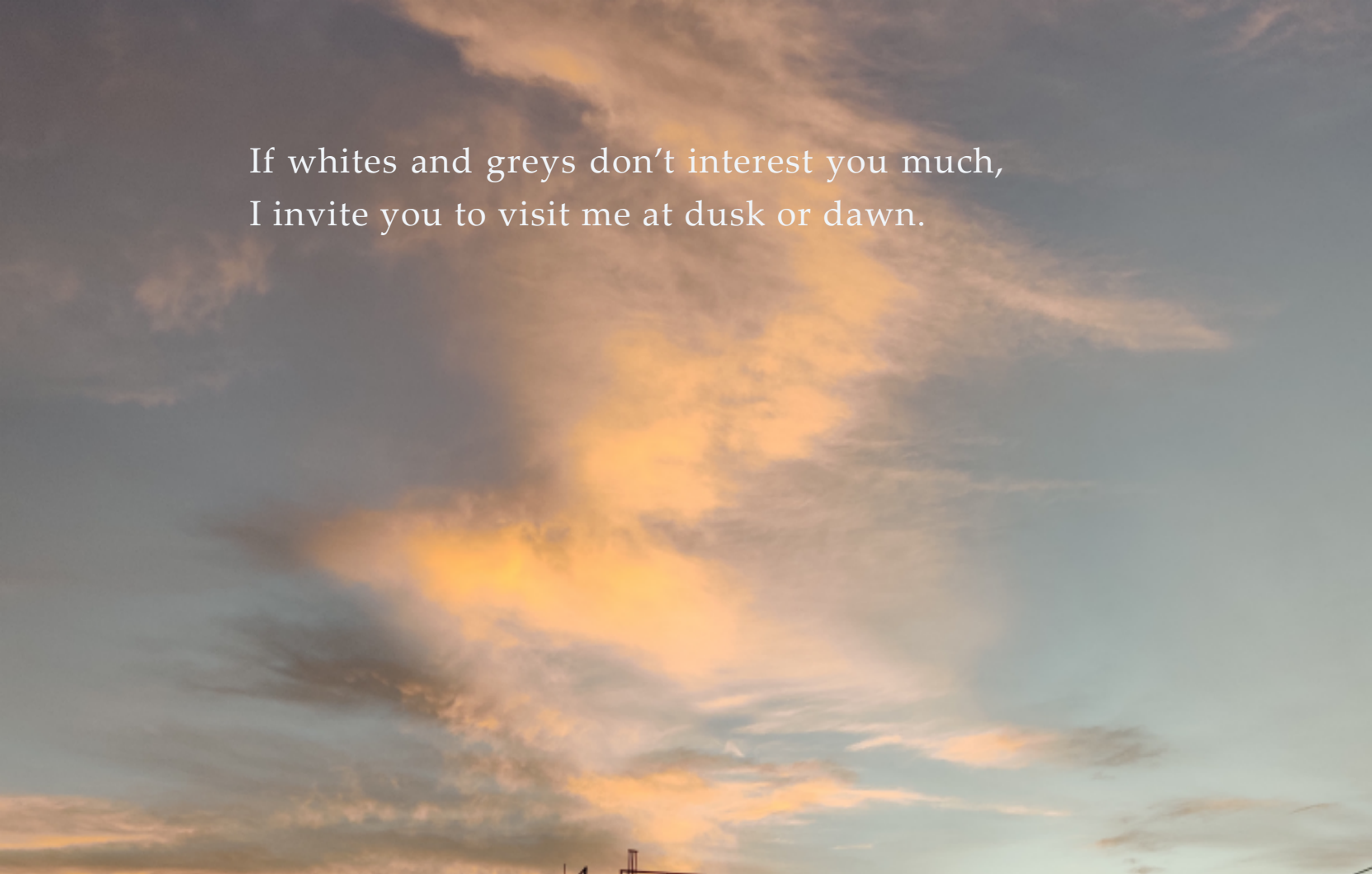


You may even see me in a mix of white and grey. White topped but grey bottomed.

But if you ever wait to see me in the reverse, it's time I tell you a secret. Never am I grey above and bright white below!

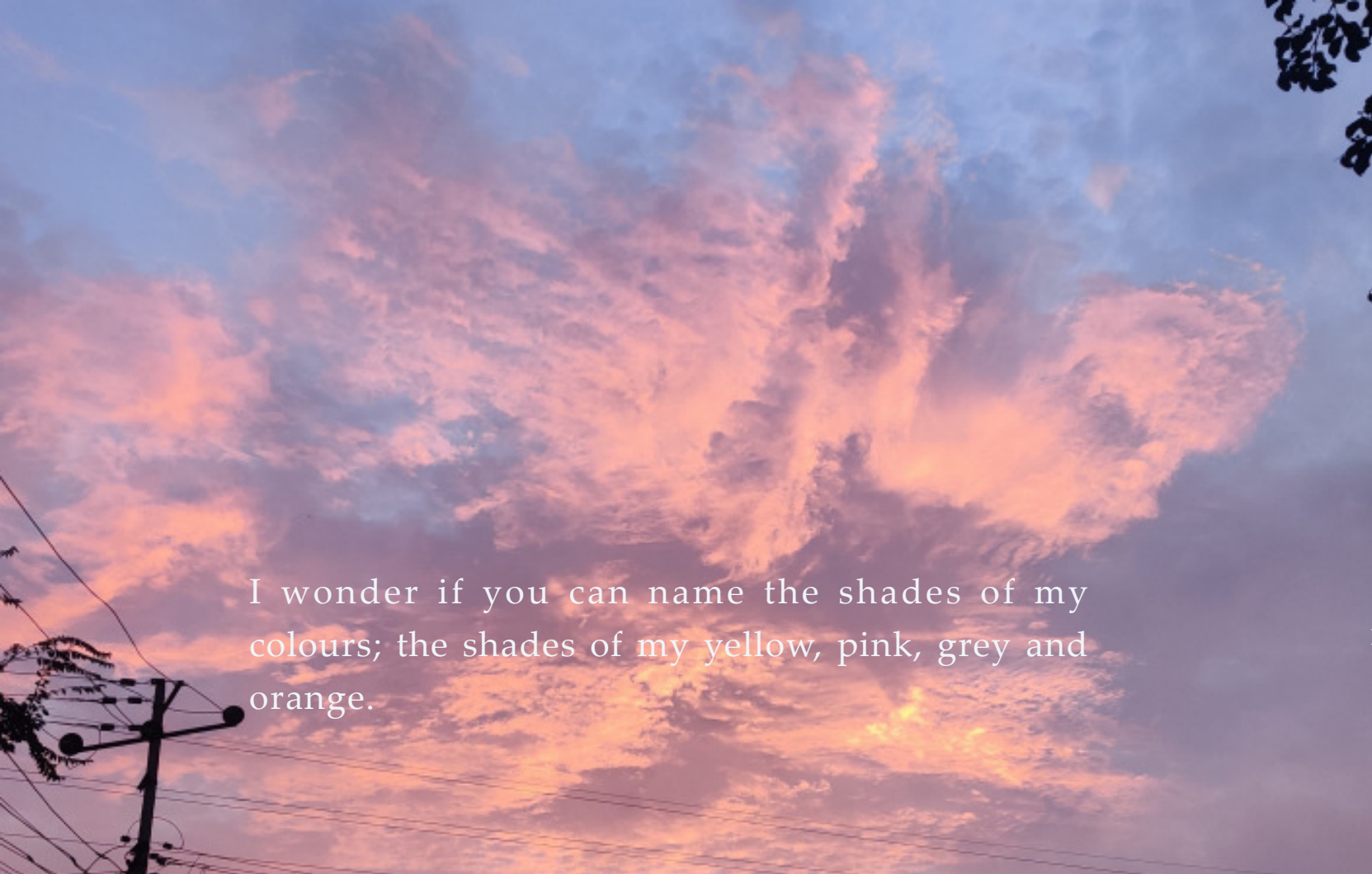
Small or big, I amuse myself. Making patterns with myself and with others of my kind.

Once in a while, you'll see me trail a plane.
That’s when you can call me a contrail.

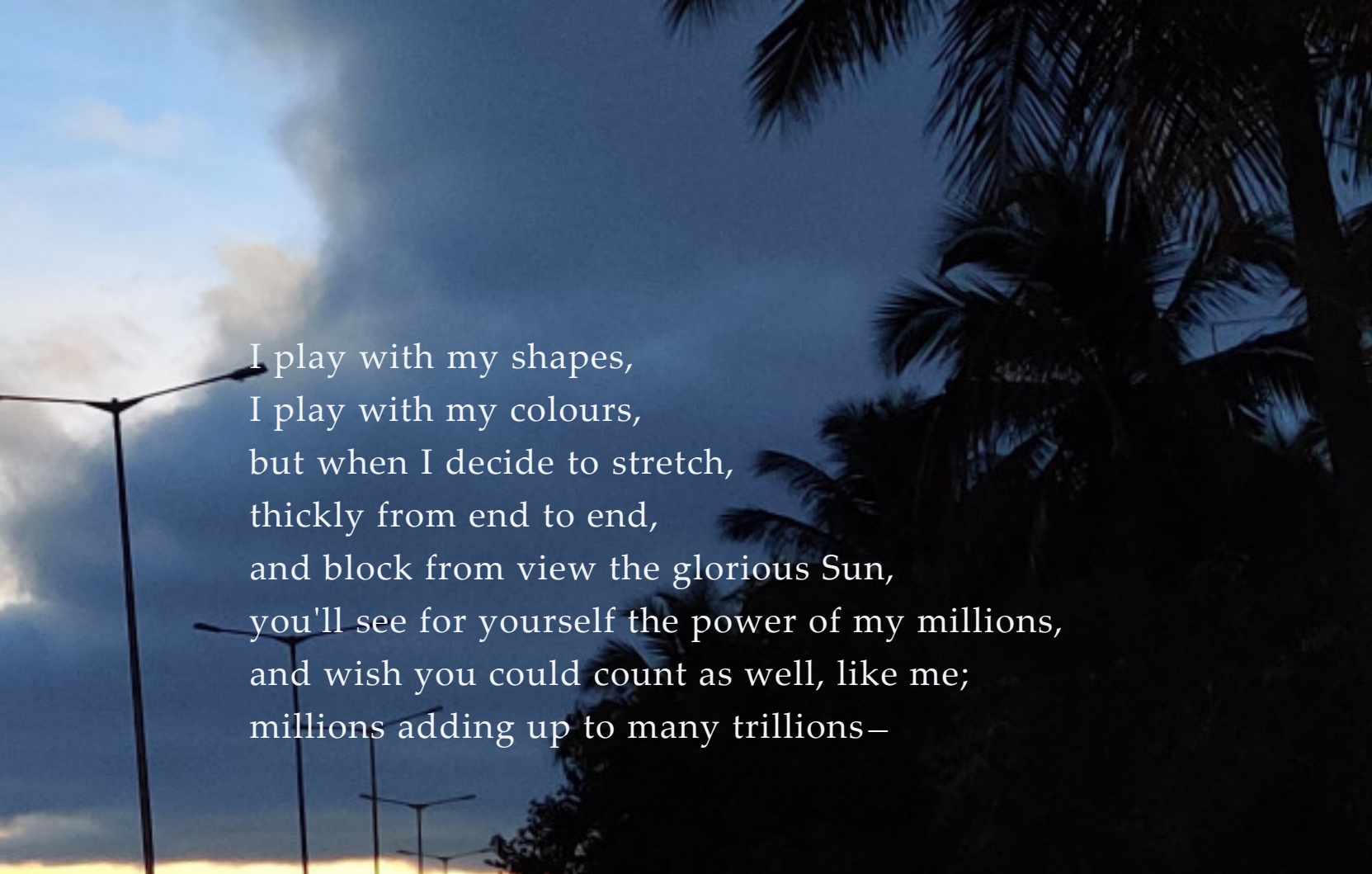

If whites and greys don’t interest you much,
I invite you to visit me at dusk or dawn.

Look at my colours at dawn!

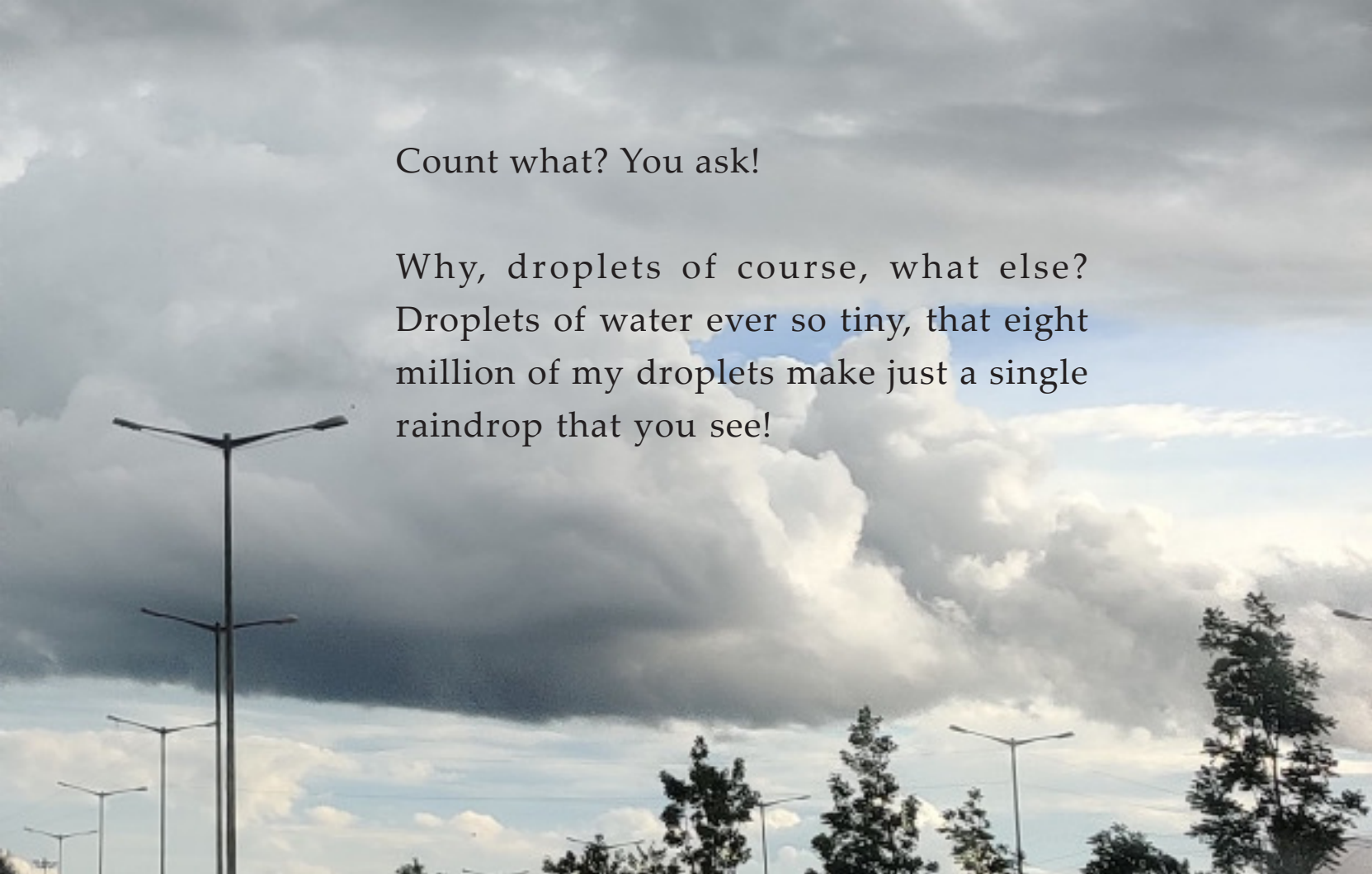
Look at my colours at dusk!



I wonder if you can name the shades of my colours; the shades of my yellow, pink, grey and orange.

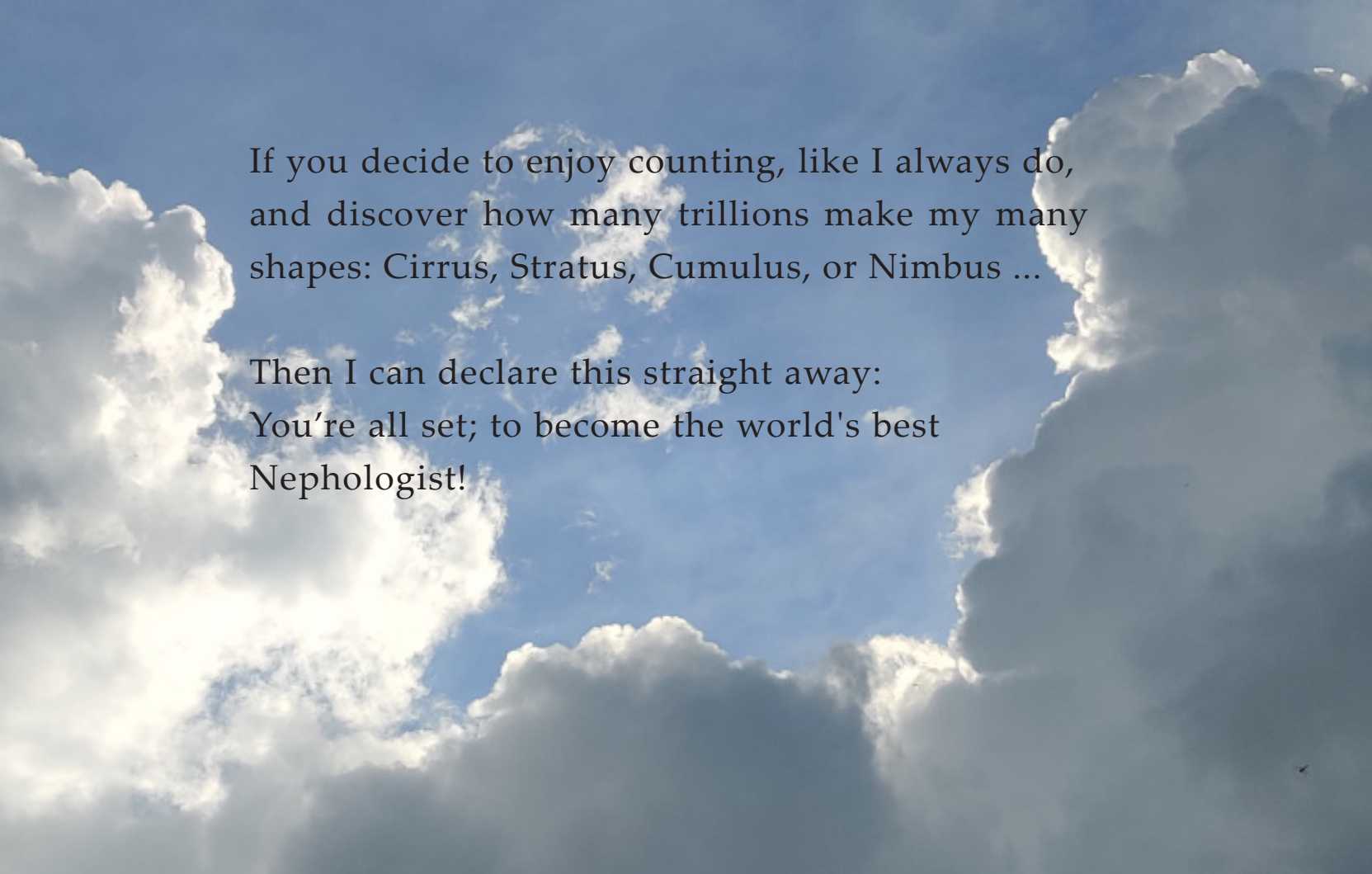


I play with my shapes,
I play with my colours,
but when I decide to stretch,
thickly from end to end,
and block from view the glorious Sun,
you'll see for yourself the power of my millions,
and wish you could count as well, like me;
millions adding up to many trillions–



Count what? You ask!

Why, droplets of course, what else? Droplets of water ever so tiny, that eight million of my droplets make just a single raindrop that you see!



If you decide to enjoy counting, like I always do, and discover how many trillions make my many shapes: Cirrus, Stratus, Cumulus, or Nimbus ...

Then I can declare this straight away:
You're all set; to become the world's best Nephologist!

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